The HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM

and OTHER POEMS . . .

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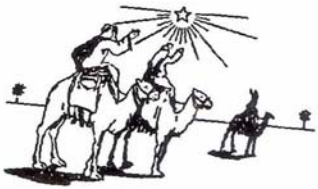

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT.

1918

Apr. 5, 1918.

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM

That He is mine and I am His, Oh! wondrous thought.
I am so poor, so weak, so lowly, can there aught
Of worthiness in me be found that He should love
And seek me for His Bride? I hear His voice, "My Dove,
Thou art all fair, My Spouse, there is no spot in thee;
Thy speech is comely, better is thy love to Me [flocks
Than wine. Thine eyes as Heshbon's fish-pools, and like
Upon Mount Gilead are thy spiced and flower-decked locks.
The winter's past, My Dove, come, come with Me away!
Far spent the night, make ready for thy nuptial day!"
My heart responds, "Throughout the many-centuried night
I've longed for Thee, I've waited for the dawning light;
And I have laid Thee like sweet myrrh upon my breast,
Thine arm beneath my weary head hath brought me rest.
Thou whom my soul doth love, Thy countenance is fair
To see within the secret places of the stair;
Thy head is like fine gold, how beautiful Thy feet!
Thine eyes as doves' eyes, and Thy lips with honey sweet.
I rise, my Lord, I leave my father's house, behold
My robe of righteousness, my raiment of wrought gold!
Oh! wealth of love Divine, that claims me for Thine own,
Oh! miracle of grace, to seat me on Thy throne.
Oh! glorious future hopes, Oh! bliss beyond compare,
Through all eternity Thy love and work to share!"

—G. W. S.

June 25, 1917.

THIS TOO WILL PASS!

Poor heart, break not, though cruel be thy wound,—
This too will pass!
The weariest day will end in sunset light,
And dawn must follow e'en the darkest night!

Nor drink too deeply of joy's honeyed cup,—
This too will pass!
Caressing hands will lose their loving touch,
And words mean nothing, that once meant so much.

Ah, then, whate'er thy state, seek thou content,—
This will not pass!
Thy rest in God, He only knows and cares,
His heart of love thine every sorrow shares!

—G. W. S.

May 15, 1916.

TRUE LOVE

I'm waiting not till thou art dead,
To weave my garlands round thy head,
But while thou liv'st I'll send a rose
Or e'en the humblest flower that blows,
'Twill serve to tell thee of my love,
Pure love that comes from Heaven above.

—G. W. S.

April, 1917.

LONGING FOR HOME

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul for Thee.
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
When wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn mine eyes
Towards my heavenly home,
And long for that blest time when Thou,
My Lord, shalt bid me, "Come!"

And yet I know that only those
Thy blessed face shall see,
Whose hearts from every stain of sin
Are purified and free.

And oh, my Master and my Lord,
I know I'm far from meet
With all Thy blessed saints in light
To hold communion sweet.

I know that those who share Thy throne
Must in Thy likeness be,
And all the Spirit's precious fruits
In them the Father see.

Lord, grant me grace more patiently
To strive with my poor heart,
And bide Thy time to be with Thee
And see Thee as Thou art!

—G. W. S.

1903.

"THERE WAS ALSO A STRIFE AMONG THEM"

(Luke 23: 24)

Alas! that in His last, sad, sacred hours on earth,
There should be strife among the Master's chosen twelve,
A strife to be the greatest, seeking selfish ends,
Ignoring their sweet privilege to minister
Unto their Lord, in this, His time of saddest need.
Ah, me! that He, the Alpha and Omega, First
And Last, in lowliness must wash their dust-stained feet,
To show that **he who serveth most is chief of all!**

Ah, then! shall we not daily watch and humbly pray
That no defiling "root of bitterness" spring up!
Shall we seek selfish honours here, or rather wait
Until we reach the other side, where He, our King,
Shall seat us in His throne, exalt His lowly Bride!
Dear Lord, oh, make us gentle, merciful and wise,
Help us in honour each the other to prefer,
Fulfilling thus the law of Christ, the law of Love!

—G. W. S.

August 8, 1917.

GONE HOME!

Gone home! To be forever with the Lord,
White-robed and clothed with Immortality,
Beholding face to face Jehovah God.
Gone home! All sorrow, tears and anguish left
Behind. 'Tis finished, all the sacrifice,
And, faithful unto death, he hears, "Well done,
Come, enter thou into the promised joy!"

What message would "our shepherd" send to us,
To us who wait this side the parting vail?
"Be brave, be strong, weep not, have faith in God,
The fields are white to harvest, go ye forth,
And, even as our Master said, 'Lo, I
Am with you always, even to the end,'
So shall my loving presence go with you,
Until ye too shall hear His sweet 'Well done!'
Then there shall be one Shepherd and one flock,
And all rejoice together with the Lord."

—G. W. S.

November 1, 1916.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

In days gone by I said, "My soul,
'Another year, or more or less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,'—
Wilt falter now, so near the goal?"

And so I pressed along the way
With heart aglow and step so light,
'Twas scarce by **faith,** 'twas almost **sight,**—
Our coming King could **not delay!**

But now the days and years go by,
And life seems but a mournful song.
"The vision tarries, Lord, how long?
Increase my faith, oh God," I cry!

He hears my prayer, He calms my fears,
He bids my restless soul be still.
My heart responds, "If 'tis Thy will,
Lord, I can wait **a thousand years!"**

—G. W. S.

October 10, 1916.

REST

The rest of **faith!** How wondrous sweet,
Each trial and each grief to meet,
Upheld by that sufficient grace,
That trusts Him where it cannot trace.

The rest of **peace!** With mind so stayed,
That as the sea-birds, unafraid,
Upon the stormy deep do sleep,
My soul an inmost calm doth keep.

The rest of **love!** What holy bliss,
That He is mine, and I am His!
It sweetens every bitter cup,
It bids my tear-dimmed eyes look up;

It satisfies my hungry heart,
And makes this life of Heaven a part.
Oh! blessed rest of **faith** and **peace,**
Oh! rest of **love** that ne'er shall cease.

—G. W. S.

May, 1916.

JEHOVAH GOD

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
Who ruled ere aught that is was framed,
When all was shaped unto Thy will,
"He rules!" Creation's voice proclaimed.
Unimaged and beyond compare,
From chance, from change, forever free;
Through endless ages be adored
Thy Power, Thine Infinite Majesty!
My God. my Saviour, Thou, mine All,
My Rock, my Tower, when woes befall,
My Standard high, my Refuge nigh,
Thou ever hearest when I call!
Into Thine hand my soul I trust,
And sleeping, waking, know Thee near,
And e'en in Death itself, Thou, Lord,
Art with me—naught shall make me fear!

—G. W. S.

January 27, 1917.

FAITH

To follow where an unseen Captain leads,
To heed commands unheard by mortal ear,
To battle with a known, yet unseen foe—
Ah! This is faith.

To choose the right when others think you wrong,
To stand for Truth while Error laughs in scorn,
To tread the lonely way unto the end—
Yes! This takes faith.

To wear a smile where you receive but frowns,
To kiss the hand that wounds your poor heart so,
And pray for those who fain your life would take—
Ah! This is faith.

To fix your eyes on that within the veil,
Your heart's devotion set on things above,
To wait with patience till God calls you home—
Faith's victory won!

—G. W. S.

May 1, 1917.

THE SANDAL-WOOD

How strange the story of the Sandal-wood,
That grows in distant lands, beyond the Sea!
'Tis said this curious tree perfumes the axe
That lays it low, and from its riven heart
There flows a wondrous fragrance, sweet and rare;
Ofttimes to incense ground, and powdered fine,
Its burning fills with languorous scent the room.
And yet, for centuries the tree might stand,
But yield no perfume on the tropic air;
It needs must fall, its very heart be crushed,
The sweetness of its odours to reveal.

Dear Lord, Oh! make me like the Sandal-wood,
Oh! may I pour Love's fragrance on the hand
That wounds me so, and help me realize
Without a bruised and humbled heart I'd be
Unfitted for the Master Workman's use!
As Sandal-wood oft cools the fevered brow,
Let me refresh and soothe the anguished mind;
When fires burn fiercest, may my presence be
Like sweetest incense on the evening breeze,
Or like God's angel in Gethsemane,
To comfort, strengthen, calm, inspire and bless!

—G. W. S.

July 7, 1917.

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known
Thy day of visitation, hadst thou recognized
Messiah in thy midst, would not thy Pharisees,
With scoffing priests and populace, have vied to do
Him homage! Dost thou think the Master e'er had been
Footsore and weary! Would there not have stood by day,
By night, full threescore chariots ready at His call!
Ah, me! If they had only known, dost think the Feast
At Simon's house had been the only one thus spread;
Or would He e'er have need to say, "The birds have nests,
The foxes of the earth have holes, but I, the Son
Of Man, no place to lay My Head!" Jerusalem,
Would not thy palace gates have opened wide to Him,
The Alpha and Omega, Prophet, Priest and King!

Ah me! Had they but known, in all the centuries since,
The chosen few who bravely followed in His steps,
Dost think Earth's great ones would have left them lonely, poor,
Despised? Would they have driven proudly by in state,
The while "His feet" pressed wearily the wayside dust?
All ye who often long, like Mary, to have poured
The precious ointment on His head, remember this:
His words are true to-day as then, that, "Inasmuch
As ye have done it unto one of these, the least
Of Mine, it hath been done to Me!" Ah, yes! and e'en
A cup of water shall not fail of its reward,
Because 'twas given in the name of Christ, the Lord.
Then, let us ever seek to find and humbly serve
His "little ones," for thus we do it unto Him.

July 17, 1917. —G. W. S.